Now is she in the verie lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth proue,
He will not manage he, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helplesse berries saw,
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assay'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue; she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he sayes, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou wold'st hūt the boare,
Oh be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On



On his bow backe, he hath a battell set,
Of bristly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes shine, when he doth fret
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
Are better proose then thy spears point can enter,
His short thicke necke cannot be easily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eyes payes tributarie gazes,
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and christall eine,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

Oh let him keepe his loathsome cabbin still,
Beautie hath naught to do with such fowle fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counsel of their friends,
Whē thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.